

# Newport

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# Mercury

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## FADELESS IS A LOVING HEART.

"Thou shalt not rob me, thievish Time,  
Of all my blessings, all my joy;  
I have some jewels in my heart  
Which thou art powerless to destroy."

Sunny eyes may lose their brightness;  
Nimble feet forget their lightness;  
Pearly teeth may know decay;  
Flavens tresses turn to gray;  
Cheeks be pale, and eyes be dim;  
But the voice, and weak the limb;  
But, though youth and strength depart,  
Fadeless is a loving heart.

Like the little mountain-flower,  
Peeping forth in wintry hour,  
When the summer's breath is fled,  
And the gentle flowers are dead,  
Still when all around is gone,  
Brighter still did it shine on,  
Disguising its fragrant heart,  
The early, kindly loving heart.

Wealth and talents will avail  
When on life's rough sea we sail;  
Yet the wealth may melt like snow,  
And the talents no longer glow;  
But more surely will find the sea,  
And more surely will find the sea,  
If our hearts, when we start,  
Be a kindly, loving heart.

Ye who would be wise, old—  
Ye who would be kind to gold,  
Do this: bow the knee to gold,  
As it did in life's young dream,  
Ere the world had crumbled o'er,  
Feelings good and pure before—  
Ere ye sold at Mammon's mart  
The best yearnings of the heart!

Grant me, Heaven, my earnest prayer—  
Whether life be ease or care—  
Be the one to me assigned,  
That each coming year may find  
Loving thoughts and gentle words,  
Twined within my bosom's chords,  
And that as may but impart  
Happier freshness to my heart.

## SACRED MELODIES.

BY JOHN MOORE.

Time sat on a sunbeam, and looked upon the earth,  
On the lovely, the gay, and the free,  
And said, "It is thus that Mortality's birth,  
And so unto death it must be."  
Men fill up the wine-cup, men gather in grain,  
Men wildly rush to the grave—  
Hope blooms till it dies—but blooms not again,  
And when lost, there is nought that can save.

Time looked on a rose—'twas a beautiful flower—  
Time gazed on the flower with a sigh,  
And said, "though in bloom—thou wilt die in an hour."  
Thou hast bloomed, and art sweet and true,  
And the maiden that nurtured and guarded with care,  
Thy growth, ere the morrow shall be  
A branch of the wilderness desert and bare,  
Torn off from mortality's tree.

## SHEEP.

Formerly, most farmers in the South part of Rhode Island paid but little attention to their sheep, especially on the main land. No shelter was provided for them in the winter, and but little food given them. The consequence was that it frequently happened, that a large proportion of flocks were drifted and lost in violent snow storms in the water, or died in the spring from poverty. Comparatively speaking, but few lambs were raised, the ewes being so poor and weak at the season of lambing, that they could barely sustain themselves, much less support their young. They were generally turned into pastures in the Spring, covered with bushes and briars, upon which they frequently deposited half their wool before the time of shearing arrived. Under this mode of management, the gross annual returns of an hundred sheep did not generally exceed as many dollars, and very frequently did not reach that sum. In fact, whole flocks were sometimes lost in one single storm of snow, and in some instances by the best farmers, for the want of proper shelter. In the snow storm that occurred in the winter of 1811-12, called the Christmas storm, hundreds of sheep perished. Many were drifted up several feet deep, where they lay under the walls, and were smothered in the snow. Others driven, by the violence of the storm, over high and rocky precipices, and perished in the sea. We remember the fate of a large flock of fat wethers, that belonged to one of the best and most successful farmers on Rhode Island. They were discovered, by their owner, driving in a body before the wind towards the Beach. He hastened with his hired hands to stop their progress, but their efforts were in vain; their presence was unheeded, and their voices could not be heard by the terror-stricken flock. The windward sheep kept revolving round their fellows, to hide from the fury of the storm, and thus continued their circular progress until they were all engulfed in the breakers on the Beach. In the same storm, we remember a flock being also driven into one of the salt ponds in the town of Charlestown, where they were all drowned. One of your committee will remember folding his flock of several hundred sheep, on Tower Hill, in South Kingstown, many years ago, on as pleasant an evening as the sun often leaves and before morning more than one hundred and fifty of the flock lay dead beneath the

## The Boatman of Montreueau.

BY PERCY D. ST. JOHN.

MATHIEU BOISDOUX was born in a town called Montreueau, and got his living as a boatman on the river Seine and Yonne. Sober, industrious, and unwearied in his assiduity for labor, he supported with his earnings his aged mother and the orphan children of his brother. At an early age he devoted himself specially to save the lives of those in sudden danger. He had at eighteen the good fortune to drag from the flames an old man and a young girl, and the sentiment thus awakened in his bosom, he has since declared, exquisite, that he determined never to lose an opportunity of serving his fellow creatures in the same way. In the course of the following five years he was present on so many occasions at fires, at upsetting of boats, and had saved so many lives, that men ceased to count them, when an accident occurred which raised his reputation to the highest point.

An inundation took place, which covered the plain round about the town, while several quarters of Montreueau were inundated. The inhabitants, flying to the neighboring heights, communicated only by boats. Three men had gone to examine what ravages had happened to their property from the flood, and weary and sick at what they had seen, re-entered their boat and pushed off with their feet. They instantly saw that they were without oars or pole, but it was too late to remedy the omission. The stream carried them away towards the bridge, which was nearly submerged in water, against which their frail vessel was sure to be crushed. They uttered one cry of despair and anguish, which afar off was heard by Mathieu Boisdoux, who was on the shore. He stood one moment irresolute. Should he fetch his boat?

"No," he exclaimed, "I should be too late. *Par ma foi*, I will swim and trust to Providence!" In he plunged into the water, despite its raging force and the sharp cold, striking out for the boat, which he could scarcely see, being guided only by the cries of the unfortunate wretches about to perish. They were far ahead of him. But he made superhuman exertions, and presently the boat was almost within his reach. *But what should he do now?* He takes counsel only of his intelligence and indomitable courage. With one arm, thrust forth like a bar of iron, he checked the boat, and swung it round, thus catching the painter in his teeth; he then again began to swim, this time for the shore. The task was all but vain. The torrent sped on with terrible velocity, the bridge was within a hundred yards, and they were carried down upon it to encounter certain death if they reached it. They would be sucked under the arch.

A crowd hurried down to the water's edge; some ventured on the bridge with poles, but not a boat was at hand in the confusion. Suddenly a terrible sigh was heard from every bosom. Boisdoux, despite his strength, courage, and agility, was evidently being carried away by the torrent. Some cried to him to save himself, for that his life could not be spared. Still he plunged upwards. His aim was to work for the shore as much away from the bridge as possible. Men stood ready with ropes. They saw that the heroic boatman was almost fainting. The boat, flat-bottomed, and heavy, was a perfect mill-stone to drag with his mouth. But presently a loud shout of joy and triumph proclaimed his victory, as he sank insensible in the arms of the *maître* of the town, who embraced him before the whole crowd, and proclaimed him once again the savior of three men's lives.

The reputation of Mathieu Boisdoux was now at its height. He had two medals and a small annual pension from the municipality of his native city. He was able to support his mother and his nephews and nieces in comfort. And yet Mathieu Boisdoux was not happy, so imperfect is human nature. For some time he was noticed to be sabbatic and sad. His character and conduct easily denoted that his mind was elevated above his station. The poor boatman had a heart and a soul that would have done honor to any position in the social scale. One part of his duty was to take passengers from the shore to the old *cocle* or passage boat of Auxerre. This aged vessel, the very conveyance that took to Paris, that student of Brienne, destined, as Napoleon, to have such influence on the fortune of the world, still periodically performed the journey from Auxerre to Paris by the Yonne and Seine. It was a queer old boat, with a long cabin and little side windows, capable, at a pinch, of conveying some thirty passengers.

The *cocle* was owned, and had been from time immemorial, by one Bertrand, a man of substance and property, who still, however, himself directed the operations of the boat, and in fact, almost lived on board. He was one of those individuals who work all their lives to leave a fortune to others. Now, M. Bertrand had a daughter, Euphrase, who sat in the little *bureau* at the stern, and there took money for passengers and gave her. Mathieu, in the exercise of his business, was much thrown in con-

tact with Euphrase. He often brought her passengers, parcels, letters, and even once or twice went to Paris in the boat. Being on intimate terms with old Bertrand, he soon became intimate with the daughter, and then loved her. Nor did Euphrase show any distaste for Mathieu. He was a fine handsome fellow, and then his decorations made him somebody. But then there was the father, who was rich, avaricious, and who judged of a man only by what he had in his breeches pocket.

Still, Mathieu and Euphrase avoided for a while all thought about difficulties. They felt the first influence of a passion which is second only to ambition, because that is generally more lasting. For the world they would not have troubled their first delicious dream. But they had continued opportunities of meeting, and at last, naturally enough, those opportunities ended in an explanation. Mathieu Boisdoux declared himself the girl's suitor, and Euphrase Bertrand agreed that if he could win her father's consent, she would be his.

It was on the first of November, 1840, and the *cocle* from Auxerre was late. Night had come on, and still the boat had not arrived. Boisdoux was at the water-stairs on the lookout. He knew that the *cocle* would put up for the night, and not proceed, and had intimated as much to such passengers as were about to venture by this antique conveyance to Paris. Presently a dark mass was seen moving along the waters, and then the old boat came slowly up to the anchorage.

"Two hours behind time, *Maître Bertrand*," exclaimed Boisdoux. "How is this?"

"*Pardieu!* my friend," said the old man; "the wind is contrary, and I never knew the *cocle* hurry itself, even for his majesty the emperor, when I had the honor of bringing him on his first voyage to Paris!"

"The wind has been rough and cold indeed," replied Mathieu; "but still the old *cocle* is not often so lazy."

"Lazy or not, I'm hungry," said the old man, "and so is Euphrase; so let's leave the *cocle* in charge of Jerome, and come on shore."

"*Bon soir, maîtresse!*" exclaimed Boisdoux, heartily.

"*Bon soir, Mathieu!*" cried the fresh voice of the young girl, and the next minute she had hold of his arm, and they went on their way to sup at the old house, still sadly called the *Cocle d'Auxerre*.

Boisdoux, who he often went, supped with them. Usually he was a merry and pleasant companion, but this night he was dull. Both noticed, and Bertrand talked him on his taciturnity. Mathieu, however, made no reply until Euphrase had departed, and then he appeared to rouse himself beyond any of those he had yet ventured on.

"So you wonder why I am dull?" he asked.

"Yes, *passablement*, I do. What can make a youth like you dull? Are you not free from the conscription? Have you not a respectable *dut*? Are you not decorated with two medals, and looked on with unusual respect? Would not any man be proud to call you a friend?"

"*Monsieur Bertrand*, would any man be proud to call me son?"

"Hem! That depends! You are but a workman, and perhaps a *bourgeois* might."

"Would you, Bertrand? I love your daughter; I have looked forward for six months with earnest hope to the hour when I might ask her hand!"

"What has the world come to!" exclaimed the old man, sarcastically. "Why, Mathieu, you must be mad. I have six thousand francs a year to leave my daughter, and do you think I would let her marry a workman, however good, however respected?"

"I thought as much," said the young man sadly; "and yet, having Euphrase's leave, I could not but try. I thought that as you yourself were a workman originally, you might hope that I—"

"Might save yourself fifty years of hard work and economy by marrying a girl with a good fortune!"

"Mathieu Boisdoux, you are a very clever fellow, but the old man is not to be caught. Let us be good friends as ever, but my daughter *c'est trop fort!*"

Boisdoux made no reply. He was chuckling, so he rose quietly and went away, and the old man never saw him again.

glided now and then a boat, that soon gained moorings. Add then a rattle of chains, a bustle of oars, proclaimed the eagerness of those who manied them to depart; and then all was silent. The crew rapidly disappeared into some of the streets of the town, again as deserted as ever.

There was one man, however, who braved the pitiless storm, at the northern extremity of the bridge. He wore a tarpaulin coat and cap, and stood leaning against an iron pillar. His attitude was one of deep attention. He was listening for the first cry of alarm which should denote that on that night there was danger, and some fellow-creature to be saved. One or two peeped out at windows and doors, and saw his dark shadow by the light of the lamp above his head, would shudder and re-enter their houses, saying:

"It's Boisdoux. God send his courage be not needed to-night!"

It was, indeed, Boisdoux at his accustomed post. It was his habit to pass the night apart near the river on such nights, when his intrepidity and skill might suddenly be called for. Rarely had he been in such a storm. The wind blew in fitful and terrible gusts, and Boisdoux almost wondered that no wailing cry summoned him to his duty.

Suddenly he started. The *cocle* was in sight. On it came at a rapid pace, evidently half mastered by the storm. It was in the middle of the river, and Boisdoux saw it was about to turn for shore. But just as the bow began to swerve round, the old passage-boat quivered, and plunged headlong towards the bridge, against which it struck with terrific violence.

A cry, the terror-struck, despairing cry of three-and-twenty perishing souls, rose wildly to the heavens. Boisdoux saw that the *cocle* was upset, and that its two ends were pressed by the force of the stream against the two sides of an arch. The man acted calmly. He flung off all his clothes, but his trousers and shirt—*for, as he said sadly in his subsequent examination, "I knew there would be work for me that night!"*—and then vaulted over the bridge into the stream. A moment stunned by the fall, the next instant was clambering on the *cocle*. He found that the whole stern was under water, and the common room only above the surface. It was so dark, that Boisdoux could scarcely tell

"We are all lost!" cried a wailing voice, "who will save us?"

"I, Boisdoux," replied the heroic boatman.

A faint cry of satisfaction came from a small cabin window. He rushed to it. It was too narrow for him to pass. Still, breaking it with his hands, he tried to force himself in, for this way only could he hope to save any of the passengers. Using his great strength with all his wasted energy, he at last tore away a narrow strip of plank, and plunged into the cabin—death in his heart, for he heard scarcely a sound. He felt near his hand, in the dark abyss, a woman. She breathed, and he at once forced her through the window, followed, laid her in a safe place, and re-entered the cabin. Another woman rewarded his efforts, and then a man. A fourth time he entered the close and now repulsive cabin, half-full of water.

"Speak!—is there one more here whom I can aid?" he said in an agonized tone. He was thinking of Euphrase.

No sound came.

"Speak, in the name of God!" he exclaimed, "for I am choking."

But no reply came. All was silent as death.

"Not one!" muttered Boisdoux, feeling about and clasping a man in his arms. "Can I not save one more? Help!"

Boisdoux made a desperate effort to reach the window, for he felt himself fainting from fatigue and the close vapors of the cabin. He saw by flashing lights that help had come. Next minute he was dragged forth by one of the Police of the town, who, with hundreds of the inhabitants, were now on the scene of terrible disaster. The first form that caught the eye of the young man was that of Euphrase, whose life he had saved without knowing it. Her father had perished.

The boat was dragged ashore after being righted, but too late to save any others. Of the passengers and crew, twenty had perished. Boisdoux had saved three—his beloved, and a brother and sister, who at the first shock had covered together.

This time all France had applauded the heroism of the boatman of Montreueau—the press gave columns to the narrative—even the *sedate Monitor*; the king sent him the cross of the Legion of Honor, never more worthily earned; the Montyon prize was awarded him; men from all parts sent him tokens of their admiration; and best of all when two years had elapsed, Euphrase gave him her hand. The boatman retired from his ordinary labors; but with the consent of his wife, he still devotes his whole mind to the noble task he had allotted unto himself; and if ever she feels dread or alarm, she sends him forth eagerly when, in a few and hushed voice he breathes the name of the *Cocle d'Auxerre*.

A Review of the  
EARLY HISTORY OF THE ISLAND OF P. AND  
AN ADDRESS  
Delivered before the Newport Historical Society,  
March 13, 1853,  
BY REV. S. ADLAM.

It is generally represented that Williams was the chief agent in this affair, and that Clarke only went as his companion. These two, though they went together, were sent by different bodies, and to accomplish different objects. Clarke was the only one sent from the Island; and his work was to obtain a recall of Coddington's commission; Williams was sent from Providence and Warwick to have the charter continued to them, though the Island had been separated from them.

We admire the promptitude and energy of the people of the Island when their liberties were at stake. While they openly, boldly sent Clarke to England, they evinced their respect for lawful authority, however onerous, and this love of God-dor, by pledging themselves to obey Coddington till he was by the rightful power deposed.

Clarke remained twelve years an exile from the Colony he had done so much to establish, and which he regarded as his only home. Faithfully and ably did he watch over the interests of the State, at a time when he had to contend with the most devoted agents of Plymouth, Massachusetts and Connecticut, who all wished to blot out the Colony where perfect civil and religious liberty was enjoyed. Each of these Colonies tried to strip Rhode Island of the little land she possessed. But though the Court favored his opposers, such was Clarke's watchfulness and energy, such the ability he displayed, and so clearly did he show the justice of his claims, that he never lost an inch of land, nor allowed the powerful Colonies around her to do her any harm. It was the same impulse that led him to spend so many years of the best period of his life in defending this infant Colony, as induced him, when he landed in Boston, to persuade the persecuted to go where they may enjoy liberty, secured by good government and wise and equal laws. During his absence he supported himself; and to do this he was compelled to mortgage his property; nor was he able to remove the mortgage to the day of his death. At length, however, he obtained from Charles the Second, the great object of his life, a charter that fully recognized the free liberty of conscience; and in this virtually secured all the liberties which as an independent nation we now enjoy. His revisions were most ample, and though suggested with the crown of England, his was from that day almost a sovereign state. This charter, the pride and glory of Rhode Island, made her, though the smallest of her sister republics, in many respects, the most influential of them all. Under this charter the State lived and thrived, and it continued to be its charter till about ten years ago.

No opinion is more common than that this charter was procured by Roger Williams; and even when Clarke's agency is acknowledged, it is often intimated that the influence of Williams was great in obtaining it. Nothing is more incorrect. From first to last it was the work of Clarke, unaided by single individual in this or any other Colony. Upon its reception a vote of thanks was given to Charles the Second, to the Lord Chancellor Clarendon, and to Clarke. These were the only persons that the Colony felt they were indebted to for the distinguished privileges they enjoyed.

Thus have we glanced at the first twenty-five years history of this Island, and in reviewing what we have said, we can answer the question, What share had the Island in the peculiar character and institutions of the State? We claim no more than is our due. Every part of the State (as has its distinguished men; and it is to result of all their labors that has made us what we are. But in these labors the men of the Island have had their full share; or should their names or their deeds be forgotten. On this Island was formed the first regular government in the State; and then the different plantations met and traced themselves into one body, they adopted the laws and regulations that were framed on the Island; and finally it was by a citizen of the Island that a charter securing entire liberty of conscience was obtained. All this was done during the first twenty-five years of its existence.

This Island has a history, and it will yet be written. To this beautiful gem of the ocean will men come, not merely that they may enjoy its beautiful breezes, and its enchanting scenes, but that they might visit the graves of those who laid so wisely the foundations of our State. To them the early history of this Island will be as the rising of the sun in a cloudless sky. Here will they discover the first glisings of those waters, now rolling on with increasing depth and power to bless the world; here will they find those principles first fully developed and brought to perfection, under whose influence a new and higher morality has best communicated to our race.

We wish not to eulogize the men that formed the compact which we read at the

opening of this discourse. They need none. The monument raised to their memory should be towering, firm, and stern in its simplicity. All that is needed is to remove the dust of ages from them, that they may receive the spontaneous respect of mankind.

This is the object of your society. No memorials are more worthy of being gathered up for the benefit and admiration of coming generations, than this Island presents. Nor were the first men the only ones whose names should be remembered, or whose deeds should be recorded. In all ages have there been on this Island great men, good men. The Episcopalians can point with the highest satisfaction to a Berkely, and the immortal work he composed here. The Congregationalists can speak of a Clapp, a Hopkins and a Styles. The Unitarians can point to a Channing, whose birth-place is here. And another denomination, the Baptists, with equal satisfaction can speak of a Calender and a Clarke. There have been here too, those eminent in the medical art; painters, poets, orators, statesmen and warriors, have here lived and died; and worthy are they to be held in remembrance by us. Let it be ours to collect together all that can be secured of the past, and thus render a due homage to departed worth, and supply the purest models to ages yet to come.

The Bereaved Mother.

Oh! who can conceive the dismay of a mother, when, for the first time, the hope that her infant will survive its sufferings, forsakes her! Hope forsake her! Oh! no—a latent spark still remains, which induces her faithfully to apply every remedy contribute in every possible manner to his comfort, and watch over it with untiring solicitude. Yet it dies. She observes its fixed countenance and dimmed eye, listens to its shortened respiration, and witnesses its last struggle. She gazes again and again on its lifeless body. How calm!—The gentle spirit has flown, and its little countenance appears as if it were sweetly sleeping. Then—then hope abandons her; then her pent-up feelings find full vent.

Yet the body is still in her possession.—All—all that remains of that beautiful babe has not departed; she can still have the melancholy pleasure of gazing on its placid features, and recalling its little smiles and looks of love; its first token of recognition; and the delightful sensations of happiness which its every breath imparted.

But even this knowledge imparted. The hour, which bears it from her, arrives. The body is deposited in its home. Who can describe the anguish of that mother!

Cannot the soothing voice of friendship avail to calm her grief? No; for though it invariably holds up to view the better lot of the infant, it cannot fill the blank made by its departure. Will not the sympathy and obedience of the surviving children assuage her sorrow?

Ah! their occasional bursts of merriment are like daggers; for they say to her—"Such would my infant have been, had her life been spared."

Oh the anxiety of that mother! While pursuing her domestic duties, a feeling of care still pervades her breast. The infant must awaken—must require her immediate attention. Forgetting herself, she hastens to the nursery. What an air of melancholy precision is cast on all around!

The cradle—the rattle—all the insignia of babyhood are gone. How still! Naught, save the incessant ticking of the clock, breaks the death-like silence. Whether at work or rest—retiring at night, or rising at morn—still her infant is ever present to her mind.

Passion at length yields to reason. She learns to say—  
"God gave, and blessed be his name,  
He takes but what he gave."

The eye of faith looks beyond the grave, and beholds that infant happy in the arms of its Redeemer.

Dog-selling Extraordinary.

Two ladies, friends of a near relative of my own, from whom I received an account of the circumstance, while walking in Regent Street, were accosted by a man who requested them to buy a beautiful little dog, covered with long, white hair, which he carried in his arms. Such things are not uncommon in that part of London and the ladies passed on without heeding him. He followed, and repeated his entreaties, stating that as it was the last he had to sell, they should have it at a reasonable price. They looked at the animal; it was really an exquisite little creature, and they were at last persuaded. The man took it home for them, received his money, and left the dog in the arms of one of the ladies. A short time elapsed, and the dog, which had been very quiet, in spite of a restless, bright eye, began to show symptoms of uneasiness, and as he ran about the room, exhibited some unusual movements, which rather alarmed the fair purchasers. At last, to their great dismay, the new dog ran squeaking up one of the window curtains, so that when the gentleman returned home a few minutes after, he found the ladies in consternation, and right glad to have his assistance. He vigorously seized the animal, took out his penknife, cut off its covering, and displayed a large rat to their astonished eyes and of course to its own destruction.

Mrs. Lee's Anecdotes of Animals

## The Realities of Gold Digger.

To most people at a distance there appears some romance in gold digging—they are excited with the idea that they may kick up a stone and find twenty pounds of gold under it, and cannot imagine how people can refrain from seizing a pick and breaking every piece of quartz they pass, to see if there is another monster nugget in it. But this is all a delusion; gold digging is a real downright matter-of-fact trade; so many buckets of earth, so many ounces; and once a man is amongst the diggers he feels no more inclination to take a pick in his hand for the chance of what he might turn up than he would to enter upon the labor of English navies, whose allowance is three cubic yards per day. The labor is always great, and sometimes exceedingly so: a great many fall; and the dirty work, mud, and slush in water, the wretched cooking and uncomfortable beds, if such as the great mass have can be called beds, the discomfort of sitting about in the open air between sundown and bedtime, and rising cold and damp in the morning, besides the pain of training the body to a severe and incessant labor, are so contrary to the habits of the many, that few can stand the training.

No one, therefore, should think of attempting such work unless he feels himself equal to any exertion, mentally and bodily, and prepared to rough it in the extreme sense of the term. It is very easy to distinguish those who have been any length of time at work from the new arrivals, by their worn and dirty dress, their beards, and their thin, lank faces; for even the most healthy of them have a haggard appearance. A few were complaining of dysentery, and some of them had bad eyes—the latter occasioned by flies, which are terribly annoying; and the former generally goes its round amongst the new comers, though most of them are remarkably healthy at this time of the year; but the water in many places was very bad and its ill effects were much felt.—*Mossman's Australia.*

## A Cheerful Heart.

I once heard a young lady say to an individual, "Your countenance to me is like the rising sun, for it always gladdens me with a cheerful look." A merry or cheerful countenance is one of the things which Jeremy Taylor said his enemies and persecutors could not take away from him. There are some persons who spend their lives in this world as they would spend their lives if shut up in a dungeon. Every day they go mourning and complaining from day to day, that they have so little, and are constantly anxious lest what they have should escape out of their hands. They always look upon the dark side, and can never enjoy the good that is not religion. Religion makes the heart cheerful, and when its large and benevolent principles are exercised, man will be happy in spite of himself. The industrious bee does not stop to complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches on its road, but buzzes on, selecting his honey where he can find it, and passing quietly by the places where it is not. There is enough in this world to complain about and find fault with, if men have the disposition. We often travel on a hard and uneven road, but with a cheerful spirit, and a heart to praise God for his mercies, we may walk therein with comfort, and come to the end of our journey with peace.—*Dacey.*

## Being in the World.

You should bear constantly in mind that nine-tenths of us are, from the very nature and necessities of the world, born to gain our livelihood by "the sweat of the brow." What reason have we then, to presume that our children are not to do the same? If they be, as now and then one will be, endowed with extraordinary powers of mind, those extraordinary powers may have an opportunity of developing themselves; and if they never have that opportunity, the harm is not very great to us nor to them. Nor does it hence follow that descendants of laborers are always to be laborers. The path upward is steep and long, to be sure. Industry, care, skill, excellence, in the parent, the descendants of the present laborer become gentlemen. This is the natural progress. It is by attempting to reach the top at a single leap, that so much misery is produced in the world. Society may aid in making the laborers virtuous and happy, by bringing children up to labor with steadiness, with care and with skill; to show them how to do as many useful things as possible; to do them all in the best manner; to set them an example in industry, sobriety, cleanliness and neatness; to make all these habitual to them, so that they never shall be liable to fall into the contrary; to let them always see a good living proceeding from labor, and thus to remove from the temptation to get at the good of others by violent or fraudulent means, and to keep from their mind all inducements to hypocrisy and deceit.

"Colors artfully spread upon canvas may entertain the eye, but not affect the heart; and she who takes no care to add to the natural graces of her person any excellent qualities, may be allowed still to amuse, as a picture, but not to triumph as a beauty."—*Hume.*

## CALIFORNIA NEWS.

The steamship Northern Light, arrived at New York Monday morning. She brings 500 passengers and 8373,296. She was from San Francisco, by Steamship Sierra Nevada, which left July 1, at noon.

The passengers are all in good health, and report the steamer free from sickness of any kind, the food in excellent order, and a good supply of water in the river.

Among the passengers by the Northern Light is Mr. Patrick O'Donoghue, one of the Irish exiles who has lately made his escape from Van Diemen's Land.

We are indebted to *The Alta California* of the 1st inst., for the following summary of news.

Mr. Wm. O'Donoghue, one of the Irish patriots and exiles in Australia, has escaped, and arrived in San Francisco on the 23d of June. He has published an account of his escape.

The Convention for the revision of the Charter of San Francisco, has concluded its labors.

Grades have been established for the streets of the city east of Kearny and north of Market street.

At a meeting of the business men, it was resolved that money should be collected and lawyers employed to try the constitutionality of the present license laws, which act as very severe taxes on labor and enterprise.

The question of what signals should be used at the Golden Gate, to enable vessels to find the entrance at all times in safety, has attracted considerable attention.

The clipper ship Typhoon when leaving the harbor struck upon a rock and stove a hole in her bottom. She returned and run on the rocks near Rincon Point to repair.

About twenty-five thousand head of cattle have been driven this year from Los Angeles County to the Northern markets.

Some immigrants have arrived from New Mexico, and a few have arrived over the Northern route.

The Light House at the Farallone Islands has been commenced.

We received information last evening, through Adams & Co's Express, of the entire destruction of Shasta City by fire.

The fire commenced at about 5 o'clock on the morning of the 12th instant. It originated in the Parker House, in the vicinity of Adams & Co's Express Office, and in half an hour made a clean sweep of the town. Building has already commenced, and many of the merchants talk of erecting fire proof stores.

Since the last steamer, the news from the interior has been of the most encouraging character. From all parts of the mines we hear the most favorable reports, and the miners are generally represented as doing better than at times previous.

A great many water companies have got their ditches in operation, so that many miners are now successfully at work where it has previously been impossible to do anything.

In the vicinity of Mokelumne Hill they are expecting the water from the Mokelumne River about this time. This ditch is one of the largest and best in the State, and extends through one of the richest mineral counties.

The confidence which the near introduction of water has inspired the people with, is such that there are almost as many buildings in process of erection as there are already built. This will give some idea of the prosperity of the place.

In the vicinity of Mariposa the miners are more successful than in any district of which we have been informed. There are a good many claims that used to pay in '49. They speak there of the pounds taken out daily rather than of the ounces.

The Union Water Company's ditch supplies all that portion with water, and is giving returns to its stockholders that might sound like a good thing, but the operations are going on about there that have exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine.

At Columbia and vicinity the miners are doing better than ever, being now supplied with water from the ditch of the Tuolumne County Water Company. The ditch is also paying large dividends on the cost.

At Jamestown, Mono, and in fact in all of the Southern Mines, there seems to be a general state of prosperity, and the miners are taking out a large quantity of gold.

Sonora is probably improving as fast as any town in the State. It is now expected that a large part of the emigration from the States will come through there, and the citizens of the vicinity are making strong efforts to build a road through to Walder's river, which will lessen the distance very much for the emigrants. Enough money has already been subscribed and paid in to insure that the road will be made.

A grand scheme is now under way here to tunnel under a large portion of the main street of the town. A charter has been obtained from the city government, and it is the opinion that the operation will be one of the largest and most profitable ever commenced in that part of the country.

RAISING CABBAGES.—If you are troubled with insects preying upon your plants, stimulate them to a more rapid growth. Feed your plants with lime, plaster, ashes, salt, super phosphate of lime, guano, or even soap, and they will be better able to support the worms and flies. Plants love such food but insects do not. But the right time to apply most of these fertilizers, is before you plant your seed. Plow your land deep—don't talk about three or four inches being deep, but put in the turning plow fourteen inches, and the subsoil plow ten more. Then your land is fit to plant, and not without. Cabbages will give you more food, if well planted and well tended, than any other farm crop, for man or beast. Cabbages pay for the labor of frequent hoeing or stirring the earth, better than any other plant we cultivate. Salt is one of the best things in the world to prevent slugs and worms injuring this or any other plant.

It is strange that cabbages are not more grown to feed cows in fall and early winter, to keep them in milk. Give them salt and ashes, or lime, as much as they will take, and your milk will not be affected with cabbage taste.—*Agriculturist*.

IRISH EXODUS.—A late number of the *Galway Packet* complains that the streets of that town presented a desolate appearance in consequence of the extensive emigration which has so rapidly thinned the rural districts in the neighborhood. Business of all kinds languishes in the town, as there are now scarcely half as many of the peasantry coming into the town as heretofore, and on market days there is a proportionate falling off. The shopkeepers complain of the diminution in their business.

PUNCH says, an astronomer being asked what the use of an eclipse was, replied:—"Oh, I don't know. Perhaps it gives the sun time for reflection."

A FRIEND relates a case, in which a boy in school who imbibed his politics from a democratic father, refused to cipher in Federal money.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The Collins steamer Arctic, from Liverpool, Wednesday, 13th inst., arrived on Saturday evening, at 6 o'clock. She brings 149 passengers, among them Senator Herrera, late Minister from Peru to Rome. Mrs. T. F. McArthur, Jacob Abbott, Gov. Johnston, &c.

The news is briefly summed up. The Eastern question remains precisely in statu quo. Nothing authentic to change it in the least respect.

Lord John Russell stated in Parliament that it was by no means at a dead lock, but negotiations were going on.

Capt. Strimling's energy in reclaiming Costa had prevented his being carried to Trieste. Capt. S. having placed the Austrian brig under the guns of the St. Louis.

Interviews had taken place between Mr. Marsh and Baron Bruck, and as far as imperfect accounts indicate matters, will await orders from Vienna and Washington.

Advices from Smyrna, June 29th, state that the captain of the American frigate laid his vessel close to the Austrian brig in which the Hungarian, Col. Costa, is confined. The American captain declared he would oppose the removal of the prisoner to Trieste. The U. S. Minister claims Costa on the plea that he is an American citizen.

Opinion begins to press for something decisive, and the public are continually amused by dispatches of a pacific tendency, and the latest implying that France and England had last week forwarded to St. Petersburg a moderate note of concession on both sides to end the matter. An answer was expected about a week from July 11th. Until received, all is mere guess work.

This note had partially opened the eyes of the European public, who see the necessity for bringing the affair to a settlement one way or another, Russia's object being merely to gain time, and render its position impregnable, scarcely admitting a possibility of a doubt.

Paris, Friday evening.—The exchange was firm to near the close, when a panic arose in consequence of a rumor that Admiral Bruin's squadron had been ordered to the Baltic. The three closed at 76 70 for the end of the month and four and a half at 150.

In consequence of the row, Austria demanded and received from Turkey satisfaction for the insult, and the Governor of Smyrna was discharged. The American Commodore's conduct excites admiration.

Two more Austrian ships of war are sent to Smyrna to watch the St. Louis.

Russia.—The news from the principalities is disheartening, stagnation of trade daily increasing.

A letter from a Russian officer in the principalities stated that as the army would pass the winter in the principalities, the officers were sending for their families.

Mercantile advices from Vienna, of the 11th inst., state that a general conviction prevailed that the Turkish question might be considered as settled.

The bullion in the Bank of England had decreased £290,000.

The steamer City of Glasgow, from Philadelphia, arrived on the 15th.

The Indian mail had been telegraphed. The British refuse to sign away their territory to the British. Trade through India was dull.

No news from China.

From the West Coast of Africa all quiet, and Palm Oil trade active.

MISSIONARIES SAILED.—The barque Sultan sailed from Boston, last week, for Smyrna, with the following passengers: Rev. William Goodell, Mr. Scudder and son (missionaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions), Miss S. A. Danforth of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, Mrs. Amey Allan of Providence, and Emma Page of Pawtucket, Rhode Island.

TO PRESERVE FRUIT IN BOTTLES.—Strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, currants, peaches, and, in fact, any fruit may be preserved in air-tight bottles, so as to retain its natural flavor, with but little labor or expense. The following is an excellent mode: Fill the bottles quite full with fruit not quite ripe; place them, with the corks put lightly into them, in a copper boiler with cold water up to the necks, and gradually raise the temperature of the water to 160°, and not exceeding 170°, Fahr. Keep them at this temperature half an hour; then take each out separately.

CONSUMPTION OF CATTLE IN THIS CITY.—There were received in New York last week, 3772 beef cattle, 321 cows and calves, 1126 veal calves, 14,815 sheep and lambs, and 392 hogs. The price of beef cattle range from \$8 and \$4 to \$9, and some choice ones at 10 cents a pound, New York weight. These cattle and animals come from all parts of the Union, principally by railroad. Large numbers come from Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, and other prairie regions.—*N. Y. Paper*.

A son of Mr. John Cox, a lad of fifteen years, was bitten by a snake on Thursday evening last, and died on Friday morning. The snake had so struck his finger into the boy, that he was unable to loose himself, and was separated by a gentleman in the field and killed. The snake was six feet long.—*Sandersville Georgian*.

THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW men of Baltimore have issued a call for ward meetings, to elect delegates to a Convention to meet on the 28th of the present month, to nominate candidates for the Legislature, and devise other means for carrying out their views.

CANARY BIRDS AND CANARY SEEDS.—During last year 56,000 bushels of canary seed were imported into the United States, costing \$13,500. No less than 41,000 canary birds are annually imported, costing \$17,360, making a total of nearly \$31,000 for birds and their food.

LIGHTNING AND THE PRESS.—The news brought by the Arctic, which arrived at New York on Saturday evening, at six o'clock, was published in New Orleans and Boston Sunday morning papers.

Schooner Susan Kelly, at Salem, from the coast of Africa, has on board a male Chimpanzee, about two years old, in good health, and very intelligent.

SPEAKING of colored people at Rochester, the Democrat says "some few of the delegates are quite wealthy. One individual is said to be worth about \$700,000."

The Sardinian frigate Euroco, which arrived at Boston Thursday, has several Italian exiles on board.

There has been a serious disturbance in Baltimore, growing out of street preaching.

## BY THE MAIL.

THE SWIMMING EXCURSION.—This somewhat novel affair occurred at the Bathing establishment of Dr. Robt. at Hartford, on Wednesday. The Hartford Times states that about two thousand persons, male and female, were present, and that the river for a long distance was filled with boats, giving to the whole scene quite a Venetian appearance.

Seventeen swimmers entered the list—nine Americans and eight Germans. Owing to the late hour at which the bands of music arrived, the sport did not begin in time to introduce the "floating supper-tables," as had been announced. The swimmers started from the Railroad Bridge, at the signal of the discharge of a pistol, and swam down to a point opposite the bathing establishment—distance nearly a mile. They came down the river in fine style, displaying a strength and grace of action in the water that would have honored the most adroit of the amphibious natives of the Polynesian island.

The party started, we believe, with no intention of a race, but the cheering and urging of the people in the boats drove them into a trial of speed—and they dashed through the water at a fast rate. We do not learn the precise time made, but it must have been very good. Mr. Ulrich Moll, a German, came in ahead. He was followed next in order by a Yankee, whose name we did not learn. Joseph R. Hawley, Esq., was third in the race, having started behind several and passed many others. The fourth best swimmer appeared to be Herman Macreklain, one of our German citizens. The rest all came in in good style, having performed the long distance in a very short time. A prize will be presented to Mr. Moll.

A series of variegated Drummond lights and rockets lent an additional effect to the scene, while the music from the Hartford Brass Band and the German Liederkreis, a vocal society, gave interest and animation to the occasion.

CAPTAIN BARKER, OF SCHOONER EMPIRE.—We regret to learn that Captain Barker, who recently brought in the schooner Empire, from Darien, with loss of all his crew, is sick from fever and ague as well as from over exertion and anxiety, having scarcely closed his eyes for several days before his arrival. For the last nine days of his passage he had no assistance whatever in working his vessel; and for the last six days was the only person on board. He spoke one vessel while in this condition, but no one would volunteer to come to his aid. We trust his energy and perseverance will not pass unnoticed by those whose property he protected.

LOSING A WILD COW IN NEW YORK STREETS.—On Monday last a three-year-old heifer, which was being driven by a negro along West street, got frightened and ran madly along through Canal and Centre streets, and back again to Broadway, pursued by a mob of citizens and policemen. The animal in its course hooked one young man badly, who was taken to the hospital. On reaching the Park, the poor beast was sorely beset by at least a thousand persons (men and boys), but although they tried their best, she could not be secured. Finally a lad told the officers that if they would get him a rope he would lasso her. The officers laughed at the idea, as the lad was apparently not over twelve years of age. He persisted in asserting that he could throw the lasso over her horns. They got a rope and let him try. He coiled the heavy rope, swung it over his head and threw. It caught upon one horn. The little fellow threw it again and it caught both horns. He planted his heel firm on the ground, gave a yell and a jerk of the lasso, and threw the animal on the ground, when it was immediately secured to a tree. The lad is named Jose Antonio de la Cruz, 14 years of age, and resides in Broadway near Tenth street. He was born in California, where he had practiced with the lasso, and could not understand that he had performed any remarkable feat.

THE OLDEST MAN IN KENTUCKY.—Probably the oldest citizen of Kentucky at this time is old "Ben Duke," a free man of color, is well known to almost every body. 108 years old, enjoys extraordinary good health, is in full possession of all his faculties, and faithfully attends to his regular daily avocation of hauling saw-dust from the mills to his customers throughout the city. Ben has had seven wives, and any number of children and grand children.—His last wife died about a year ago, and it is reported that the old man has some notion of taking to himself another rib at an early day.

BROOM CORN.—In the Mohawk Valley, N. Y., vast quantities of this crop is annually grown. Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Connecticut are the next largest producers of it. Its origin as a cultivated plant in this country, is attributed to Dr. Franklin. It is a native of India. Franklin saw an imported whisk of corn in the possession of a lady in Philadelphia, and while examining it as a curiosity, found a seed, which he planted, and from this small beginning arose this valuable product of industry in the United States. In the same manner England and America are indebted for the weeping willow to the poet Pope, who, finding a green stick in a basket of figs sent to him as a present from Turkey, stuck it in his garden at Twickenham, and thence propagated this beautiful tree.

WRONG.—The daily papers are puffing up the Crystal Palace, and in that way are inducing multitudes to visit New York to see the Exhibition. Let every body stay away until it is complete—say until September, or the first of October—then, to see it will perhaps be worthy a journey to New York. Those who come now will not be able to see the half. It was not exactly right that the exhibition should have been opened before September. But as it is a private speculation, we must not expect any very disinterested arrangements in carrying it out. For our own part, we should consider ourselves indubitably swindled if we had made an expensive journey here to look inside this (at present) half-finished place.—*N. Y. Paper*.

ECLIPSE OF MARS BY THE MOON, AUGUST 1st.—The planet will disappear at the dark limb of the moon about three minutes past two o'clock, A. M., and will reappear at the bright limb about fifteen or twenty minutes past three. The moon will contain an hour above the horizon, at the commencement of the occultation. She will shoot over the planet at the rate of 2000 miles, or more, an hour. New moon August 4th, at 7h. 22min. P. M.

SHEEP RAISING IN VIRGINIA.—It is stated there has been a larger number of sheep brought into London county, Virginia, this year, than for several years past, and that there are now about ten thousand fine wool sheep in Fairfax county, which number is being constantly increased. The great demand for wool has induced many of the Virginia farmers to pay more than usual attention to sheep grazing.

PROBABLE MURDER.—An Irishman, named Ragan, of Ansonia, was lately confined in New Haven jail for beating his wife. Upon being released, he returned to his home in Ansonia, and beat his wife with a shovel so badly, that it is supposed she cannot live. Ragan has as yet escaped arrest.

MANY fatal cases of cholera have occurred among the boatmen on the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, above Harper's Ferry.

## A CORRESPONDENT OF THE NEW YORK AGRICULTURIST OFFERS THE FOLLOWING ADVICE TO FARMERS WHOSE COWS SHED THEIR MILK.

The idea embodied is not a bad one, and it costs but little to try it. For the last, however, (burns,) we know of nothing so effectual as wheat flour.

"After milking, take a thin piece of muslin, the size of a three cent piece, wet it in the colloid and apply it quickly to the end of the teat. It dries immediately, and adhering firmly, prevents the escape of milk from the orifice. It can readily be removed at the next milking."

On first making use of this means I did not anticipate anything more than temporarily to prevent the evil. After making a few applications it was discontinued, and I was somewhat surprised to find that it had permanently lessened the fault. Upon reflection, the *modus operandi* appeared as follows: First, the colloid contracts the orifice, and thus prevents the escape of milk; and second, the bag becoming distended, its capacity is permanently enlarged. Try it.

Another useful purpose of this article may be mentioned. Cows' teats often become tender from clumps and deep fissures in them. They may readily be cured by moistening a piece of muslin in this liquid and applying it smoothly to the parts affected. It adheres so firmly that it will not be loosened even if the calf is allowed to draw the milk.

Colloid to Prevent Small Pox Pits.—We cannot answer from personal experience as to colloid upon cow-teats, but we do know that if it is carefully applied to the small pox pustules, about the time they begin to discharge, it will entirely prevent those dark colored pits which disfigure the face so horribly. To a young lady whose beauty is her fortune, this is a secret worth knowing. To apply it, roll up a bit of cloth and use the fuzzy end of a brush, and apply it as you would paint. Don't finish from the smart—the loss of beauty is a greater one.

Colloid for Burns and Wounds, is a valuable remedy. If you forget the name, inquire for liquid cuticle.

## Newport Mercury.

SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 30, 1853.

For a long time we have desired to make some extracts from the last "Report on Sheep" to the Board of Managers of the Rhode Island Industrial Exhibition, but have not until now found time to give the subject the attention it merits. The report is in pamphlet form, and is one of the most valuable that we recollect to have seen. What number of copies were printed, we know not, but there has been many calls for it, and it strikes us it ought to be very generally distributed among sheep breeders. It contains full descriptions of the finest varieties of sheep, their habits and the best method for rearing, with valuable information as will prove most valuable to those who would have none but healthy and productive sheep on their farms.

For the few years past much attention has been paid to the rearing of sheep on this island. The various breeds are doing remarkably well and they are found very profitable. The committee in their report state that:

"The display of both sheep and cattle, that were exhibited at the recent Middle-town Fair, would compare in number and quality with any ever held in Rhode Island, and from the spirit that is awakened in the farmers of Newport county, we feel safe in confidently predicting that the Fair, which will doubtless be repeated on the Island next year, will be every way worthy, not only the attention of every friend of agriculture in that county, but in the State."

There is so much in this report that should be generally circulated, that we have decided to transfer to our columns, under the head of Agricultural, such portions as bear directly on the best modes of rearing sheep either for their wool or for the shambles. The committee justly remark that the profits on sheep husbandry no doubt depends very much upon the kind of sheep kept, but yet infinitely more upon the manner of keeping them. In the hands of an idle, slovenly, careless, lazy, lounging, inefficient farmer, the best breed in the world will be profitless; which under the eye of a thrifty, careful, industrious, observant and watchful farmer, the worst breed will be made to pay something.

We here insert the account of the annual shearing of Mr. Bingham's flock, in Vermont:

The shearing of the flock of Pure Merino Sheep of Alonzo L. Bingham, took place as was advertised, at the Hotel of James K. Hyde, Salsbury, Vt., on Wednesday and Thursday, June 1st and 2d. The days were remarkably fine, and a large number of farmers from the Western States and New York, as well as those of good as could be expected under the circumstances, for it is a difficult matter to put in a regular form the fragments one must use in writing an early history. But the author must know that a work of this kind, to be acceptable, must be reliable; that what he must be sure to be correct, and that if errors are detected they must be few and far between. The reviewer is the case in his view. There are so many errors we hardly know which to point to; but to convince the author there is some foundation for these remarks we will name over a few of them. Washington, he states, landed in 1781 at the Long Wharf, which he should have known was ten or twelve feet under water at that time. He says the Marine Society was instituted as the Fellowship Club in 1756. It was instituted Dec. 6th, 1763, and incorporated 1764. The Society Mill house, taken for "corn" and so inserted. The name of Hiram W. Hunter is omitted in the history of the R. I. Bar; and when spoken of, no allusion is made to his connection with the profession which he so honored. In the list of families, the most distinguished are omitted. Very many of the proper names are wrong, thus injuring other claims the book might have. Dehon is rendered Dehon; Hazard, Harard; Senter, Center; Berkeley, Berkeley; Stuart, the painter, Stewart; Salmon, Wheaton, Samuel, &c. These we really believe are better than the "important ones, certainly," but the author should be aware that he is just as responsible for these as we are for the typographical errors in this sheet.

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